

GREEN BOOK

1940

Green Book



13764

Out of many different houses come the freshmen whose thoughts and accomplishments compose this 1940 edition of the "GREEN BOOK!" They have left the houses that were their homes to take their places in other houses and perform other work.

Their impressions of college life, along with favorite memories of days past, they have faithfully portrayed on the pages of this book.

If you will you may glimpse the bared souls and throbbing ambitions of tomorrow's leaders.

Our earnest desire is that the "GREEN BOOK" may be an inspiration to all who read it, and a fitting memorial to the Freshman Class of 1939-40.



Professor Marquart--

To our class adviser--the man who is glad to stop his pressing work and take an interest in our personal problems; who can tell us our weak points with such a kindness in his eyes that we do not feel a bit of rebuke; and whom we consider an authority on almost every subject.

A zealous, enthusiastic scholar, a strong Christian, our adviser is the sort of person we are proud to have as our friend. To Professor Linford A. Marquart we sincerely dedicate this 1940 GREEN BOOK.



On this page in our book we express an affectionate farewell to two men who have enriched our lives at E.N.C., and who have inspired our love and respect. We regret that future students of E.N.C. will not have the privilege of studying under Professors S. S. White and Linford A Marquart, but we know that E.N.C.'s loss will be Olivet's gain. There will always be a sincere regard in our hearts for these men whose characters have gone into the building of our own characters.

May God bless them in their new work. We know that they will be a blessing to all whose lives come under their influence.



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Associate Editor - - - - - --Virginia Graffam

Literary Editors - - - - - --Helen Marvin

Roland Stanford

College Life Editors - - - - - --Nick Yost

Goldie Mills

Beulah Martin

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Assistant Business Manager - - --Tondra Border

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Let me live in a house by the side of the road,
Where the race of men go by,
The men who are good, and the men who are bad,
As good and as bad as I.
I would not sit in the scorner's seat,
Or hurl the cynic's ban;
Let me live in a house by the side of the road,
And be a friend to man.

As a climax to a great year, the Freshman class presents the 1940 GREEN BOOK. Working together has been a great pleasure, and we feel that our class is progressing toward the high ideals that are our goals.

Being a Freshman is in itself a thrill, and we feel almost reluctant to pass on into that class of "forgotten men", the Sophomores. But life does not stand still; we must press on to greater things. Our star may dim, but it will shine more brightly later on.

If in our lives there should be one desire above another, it is that our standards be never lowered, our spiritual life never relaxed, but that a steady growth in all the virtues of Christian character and an influence for Christ be the fruits of our labors at E.N.C.



*THE
HOUSE OF
BOOKS*





ABRAHAM LINCOLN

Carl Sandburg

Widely heralded as the greatest Lincoln biography, this work by Carl Sandburg has aroused unusual interest in the life of the great pioneer statesman. Interesting, informative, and vitally personal, it never lags nor grows dull, but carries the interest of the reader throughout. The author never dwells too long on any one phase of Lincoln's work or of his character, but intersperses humor with seriousness, and love and romance with the dead earnestness of a hard life.

Having spent years in research and planning, and having gathered together all the information that could be found on the life of Lincoln, Sandburg had a wealth of material from which to draw the items that would best portray the character of the great emancipator. Love letters and other documents not before made public help to make the image real and personal; they make of Lincoln, not a semi-god, or superhuman being, but a man with a great heart and a quick mind, ready at any time to take the part of a friend, or to assist in the verbal "skinning" of an opponent.

The first two volumes of the biography, devoted to the story of the prairie years, tell the great struggle of a poor, uneducated, but thoroughly honest and determined, young¹⁶ man to make a mark in the world. The inner forces and hidden factors in the development of this best-loved of American heroes are revealed in the many personal letters printed for the first time in this work. Not only do we see his deeds and hear his public utterances, but we delve into the innermost thoughts and motives of his life. Certainly we could not say that favor and fortune came to him uncourted, for his ambitions, though high, were matched by his vigor and political judgment. Only the problem of marriage seemed to take him at a loss. The death of his first love seemed to mark him with melancholia for the greater part of his life.

The later volumes deal with the Civil War period and Lincoln's presidency. No document ever written before gives the story that tells of that great struggle in such intimate and personal fashion. The book tells the story as it passed through the mind of Lincoln in letters and also in conversations with friends and members of his government. Through them all he exhibited a deep reverence for the name of God.

The work is one that every American should read, a work at once personal, vivid, and interesting, written to the common people, who are, after all, the greatest admirers of the great Commoner President. The author's style is convincing, vivid, and easy to read.



MADAME CURIE

To the reader with a desire for sympathetic understanding and appreciation of a scientist's untiring effort, Madame Curie offers a perfect example. In fact, the accomplishments of two great scientists are brought to light by the author of this book, Eve Curie, and these two eminent personages are her father and mother, Pierre and Marie Curie. This parent-child relationship of subject and author would make a biography of any person more vital and thus more appealing to the reader. Being as closely associated with her mother's work as anyone outside the scientific field could be, Eve obtained accurate, first-hand information. Her direct contact also makes possible the scientific atmosphere pervading the whole book.

Marie Curie was a real scientist. She put her whole self into her work. She spent long, tedious hours over the apparatus and elements in her crude laboratory. Many times Marie was a victim of radium burns, and finally this powerful element made radioactive all the apparatus and machinery in the laboratory. When she received a call to Sweden to receive the Nobel Prize, she would have preferred her laboratory to the publicity. When crowds cheered her in America, she accepted the applause casually rather than with cordiality. After her husband's

sudden death, she plunged more fervently than ever into her work as professor and research worker. Her health was growing poorer and poorer, but before her death she saw her homeland and her beloved native people once more free from the grasp of the Czar's clutch. Once she visited Warsaw to lay the cornerstone for a radium institute founded in her honor and for her memory. Doubtless, her early privation and poverty in her native Poland had a large part in the upbuilding of her character.

Of her two daughters only the older became a physicist. The younger, Eve, became more interested in the fine arts, music, and literature. This accurate portrayal of her mother's career and works is proof of her literary achievements and is considered a classic biography.

X X X X X X X X X X

A mother and her three-year-old daughter were sitting by a window gazing at the moon. The little girl asked many questions and her mother tried to answer them as best she could. Finally, the little girl said, "Mother, what did God stand on to hang the moon out there?"



"The Horse and Buggy Doctor", autobiography of Dr. Arthur E. Hertzler, presents the facts concerning country practice with remarkable truth and vividness.

The author gives his experiences which occurred back in the days before the automobile when the horse and buggy was the means of conveyance from the home of one patient to that of another. Sometimes he received pay; sometimes only the satisfaction of having effected a cure. He began his career with every hardship and worked his way up to a place of leadership in his profession. He brought human beings into the world and helped them to gain a foothold in life. He never asked anyone to pay his bill, and if he could not help a person, charged no fee. At present he is the head of the Hertzler Clinic at Halstead, Kansas.

I enjoyed this book thoroughly, partly because of the simple truths and the sincere approach to his material, and partly because of his style, which is a reflection of his interesting, sometimes humorous, personality.

The many incidents that he relates are based on a scientific background of experience and on a sympathetic understanding of human nature. Dr. Hertzler says in conclusion, "A doctor, an M. D., must think the truth. Perhaps it would be better if he sometimes proclaimed it."



THE REVOLUTION OF NIHILISM

Hermann Rauschning

For the average American reader, "The Revolution of Nihilism" does much toward fulfilling the need for more information concerning the present European situation, especially that of Germany.

Hermann Rauschning's purpose is twofold: one, to reveal the weaknesses and causes underlying Germany's state of revolutionary tactics through National Socialism; and two, to suggest possible methods of stopping the onrush of their reactionary blindness before it brings about Germany's own destruction and resulting European chaos. The author is neither a forced exile nor a persecuted Jew, but a political figure, who was President of the Danzig State. The reader's confidence is easily held as the author tells of his own contacts with Dr. Goebbels and even Hitler himself.

Rauschning contends that the political ring in Germany at present does not realize its own power or the amount of interior damage it is doing. From the German political leaders' point of view, National Socialism knows no bounds, no obstacles, no creed, no opposing force which should deter it in its onward march toward a unified "Fatherland". Hitler's belief that any means can be justified by the desired end has resulted in the disenfranchisement of

the Jews, the demands made upon human personalities for service to the country, and the attempts to control the Catholic clergy. The average German, says Rauschning, is buoyed up by glittering generalities, the vague love of German prestige, and the dream of a future domination. In fact, the author adds, the Nazi faction and the leader himself are never sure of their political maneuvers. Their apparent success lies in the fact that every opportunity for an accumulation of centralized power is immediately utilized.

The danger lies not so much in the physical might of Germany as in the demoralizing effect on the masses in all parts of the world, and especially in Europe, where the populations are submitting to the will of a handful of privileged autocrats. The restless attitude of the mobs and the tendency to universalize the fighting spirit is, as was proved by the last World War, no small item to be reckoned with.

Rauschning suggests that only a change in the German administration, and an abandonment of the nihilistic attitude can prevent European war. The accuracy of this statement is proved by the recent attempt by Germany to annex the Polish Corridor and the resulting war between the major powers of Europe.

The turn of events in Europe is proof to the intelligent reader that America needs to be awakened to the possibility of becoming involved in another European war. Rauschning's "Warning to the West" would serve its purpose if we could only read, digest, and constructively apply its contents to our own lives here in America.



THE
HOUSE OF

THEMES



The House That Is Your Home Or Mine

A house becomes home if you love it;

It need not be ornate or fine.

It's the living and loving that make it

The house that is your home or mine.

The boards may be old and unpainted,

The floors may be maple or pine;

It's the laughter, the heartache, the mem'ries,

That make a house your home or mine.

It's the old clothes piled high in the attic,

Playhouses where doll fam'lies dine,

It's the firelight that flickers at ev'ning

That makes a house your home or mine.

In the world we may find wealth and honor,

But love is a hard thing to find

When you've lost the sweet care of a mother,

And the house that was your home or mine.

Life



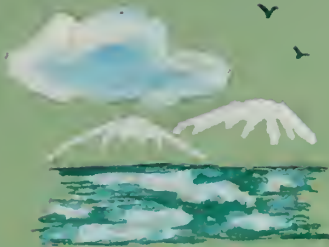
Life is not an abstract length of time. It is the period between birth and death, the period when a being experiences the simple emotions of living, such as love and confidence. These are the first emotions one is conscious of upon stepping over the threshold of life; loving first the woman who has borne him into life and learning to confide in her as she protects him. Then the child develops selfishness, influenced by his own interests, and, as a result, develops anger to protect his interests. These four emotions make up the earlier and the greater part of his life. In later years he develops remorse, a sense of guilt, caused by mistakes, little or big, which he has made in his life. One does not speak of life as an hour; no, it is that time when the union of the body and soul takes place for a purpose.

Life is like a play. It co-stars the body and the soul and is written by a playwright more talented than Shakespeare, Ibsen, or Coward. It is written by the greatest master of all---Providence. The characters are played by the emotions, and it is these characters who will decide whether life will be a tragedy or a comedy. The costumes may be cloaks of deception or robes of honor. The type

of music is decided upon by the producer and may be the harmonious strains of a full and peaceful life or the discordant blare of a chaotic existence. Yet, unlike the masterpieces of the theatre, life has no second performance. Like the last act, life ends with the final curtain.

One has everyday examples of ideal lives, and, on the other extreme, of tortured durations. One observes the town's most kindly man grow up, watches the man who has formulated a plan of living -- living in rhythm with the community. He carefully avoids injuring others. He employs tact and tolerance. He overlooks injustices and is constantly turning the other cheek. He lives by the Golden Rule, and when he has gone, his formula will be taken up by others. On the other hand, the other extreme has overdeveloped his emotion. He is a problem of humanity, living the easiest way at the expense of others. He loves with a selfish motive; crushes the helpless with his anger; and suffers remorse at the last moment, not because of a sense of guilt, but because of fear.

Surely life determines destiny.




God's Sea

I like to stand on some high point of land and watch the waves of the sea come in to shore. On a clear day you can see the blue sky, with the billowy white clouds appearing like ships drifting in the tide. Then you glance out to the horizon where the bluish-green water rises to touch the white ships of God slowly moving along in the light blue sea of heaven. You are fascinated by a sense of great, overpowering strength lazily moving back and forth at His will.

The Skyworker

His special joy seems to be the life overhead in the great steel structure of the craneways. There you may see him working like a tiger at some piece of construction work, busy with steel or wood cable, hanging by one hand and a foot while he pushes, pulls, or pries with the others; or, in the scant time between spells of work, wrestling or sparring with a friend on a thin spider's web girder, with a sheer drop to the steel, concrete, and hurrying dots of humanity, a hundred feet below. He has no thought for danger; and though he never seems to think about the strength of his support, he never falls.



DISAPPOINTED

On a trip to Miami last summer I had my first accident. The roads in the South are straight, wide, and suited to fast driving. As I was driving through North Carolina at a rather fast rate of speed, I came up behind a heavy truck. As I was about to pass it, the driver turned to the left, toward a side road which I had not seen.

Immediately I honked my horn, slammed on the brakes, and swerved to the left with the truck, but all my efforts could not avoid a collision. The car hit the truck once, bounced off, and hit it again. By this time we were off the main road and on the side road, with the truck in the ditch.

I got out of the car all prepared to brace myself and my shaking knees, but they didn't shake. I was prepared to steady my trembling voice, but it didn't tremble. My heart, which I thought would be beating at a tremendous rate, was only a little faster than normal.

Here, in my first accident in five years of driving, I was almost wholly unaffected. I was surprised. I had heard my father say how he felt after he had been in an accident and I expected the same thing. Frankly, I was disappointed.



THE STORY

At a certain resort hotel in the California mountains an old man who had once been a missionary outraged the other guests by his devotions. As some people shout into a telephone, under the impression that the ordinary tone of voice isn't loud enough to carry across town on the wire, so this old gentleman considered the distance to heaven when he prayed. At six o'clock every morning he awoke everybody in the hotel with his supplications.

A certain spinster voiced the opinion of the other guests when she said, "I don't care if it is prayer; it isn't right. He hasn't enough consideration for others."

Well, the old gentleman soon left, by invitation of the management, and not very long after, another crisis developed in Europe in which the spinster seemed greatly interested. The most important broadcasts were coming in at some unholy hour before daylight, and she got up every morning in time to hear them. She might have kept the volume down but, as she liked to save time by taking her bath while listening, she opened the throttle to the limit and awoke everybody in the hotel.

A fussy little man spoke for the rest when he said, "It ought to be stopped. She has no consideration for others."

But if they agreed, they thought that he should be the last person to complain, for he had an automobile and was supposed to park it at an angle in the driveway. He invariably parked it parallel and thus effectively blocked others whose owners had to hunt him up before they could back out. He never gave a thought to the convenience of others.

That's the story. It might go on forever, for we all grumble at others, and not one in forty really tries to keep from being a nuisance to others.

THE LITTLE THINGS IN LIFE



No time have I appreciated the little, common happenings as I did this week-end at home. The constant ringing of the telephone, the boiling of the tea-kettle in preparation for supper, the clattering of the dishes, the constant chatter at the supper table, and Father's jostling with the boys are all everyday occurrences, but upon visiting home I became aware of them, and of the fact that these little things at home are the things I miss at college.

OF KINDNESS

Kindness is that virtue in a man or woman that can make friendships. The reverse is also true; where kindness is lacking, friendships are broken. In this present day, when people all over the world seem to be anything else but happy, a kind word spoken here to this one who is toiling under a burden of sorrow, and a sweet smile bestowed upon that one, worried, discouraged, and forsaken,---such expressions of kindness and sympathy as these are capable of doing more good than one realizes. Kindness is something no one can afford to lack, and if this virtue were in everybody, much of the sorrow and broken friendships in the world would cease to exist.



Which Is The Real?

How I got there and what I was doing before I got there still remains an unsolved mystery to me.

But there I was, clinging with one hand to the eave of a five-story apartment house, sixty feet in the air. Everything seemed thrilling until I realized that a lady was screaming to her boy, "Sound the alarm! Quick!" Children in the streets began to inform people that something was wrong, but what it was no one could tell.

Soon a shrill siren drowned the other noises and automobiles, gathered around, began to make way for the oncoming squad of police cars and fire engines.

"Now," I said to myself, "this time I am not dreaming. This is the kind of thing that happens in a dream and I'm really experiencing it. What a story I'll have to tell."

Fear was beginning to steal over me. My fingers were getting numb and useless. I felt that I was slipping. With a last awful effort I managed to cling with both hands to the eave of that roof. In the face of my fear I was daring myself to let go and see what would happen.

The ladders were slowly extending their lanky forms toward me. My paralysed fingers were losing their grip. I could not summon one more effort to strengthen my hold. Now the ladder was only a yard from my feet, but I was falling--falling toward a hard pavement. I seemed to drop in some sort of wave motion--sometimes slowly, and sometimes more swiftly. A sidewalk full of people came up to meet me and I remember this:

I heard the springs of my bed squeak as I bounced up and down on it. I looked around and in the dim light I saw my roommate asleep and knew without any doubt that everything was as it naturally ought to be. I was disgusted with myself. After all that fuss I didn't even know how much new sidewalk the city had to put in.

Since that time, perhaps it has been foolish, I have often thought: "How well do we describe life when we say, 'It's a dream?' Is there anything so substantial that I can touch it and say, 'This is life?' Could I not just as well say, 'This is a dream?'"

How much reality is there, and, if there is reality, which is the real?



THE GREATEST TASK IN LIFE

In my heart there has always been a sincere desire to be a soul-winner. From my experience and observations these hints on soul-winning come to me.

To be able to lead others to God, we must be familiar with the path ourselves. Nothing can take away the fear of man and make us unashamed of the God we serve like a clean heart and a constant fellowship with the King of Kings.

A good experience is necessary, but I believe many of us who profess fail to win souls sometimes on account of carelessness on our part. I find that there are people, who, like me, have a tendency to doubt a man's word if he has been careless about keeping his promise in small things. When we Christians regard our word lightly, man will regard our testimony lightly.

The faith and hope that we have in a person either helps or hinders us in winning him. As long as we can see in a man the possibilities of a saint, no matter how low he has gone, there is hope of saving him.

In soul winning one should love souls and be no respecter of persons. It is easy especially in a church to cater to those we feel would be of greater use. The higher and wealthier class do not respect us when we attempt to make the way a little easier for them, but detect something in our attitude that does not savor of Jesus Christ.

We can either help or hinder our effectiveness as a soul winner by our regard for sacred things. If we use the word of God lightly, it will have less weight when we want it to sink into a sinner's heart. The hymns will have more meaning if we sing them in the spirit in which they are written. If the only Book, the only Way, the only Savior the world has are held as a Christian's dearest possessions and hopes, then surely God can use him to lead someone else to Christ.



MODERN ORGAN GRINDER

I stood in the doorway of the store watching the people as they went by. People of every nationality, some of them serious, some smiling, and not a few laughing and talking with their shopping companions, were out to buy what they needed for the weekend dinner tables.

It was nearing noon when out of the busy throng across the street came an Italian man playing a hand organ. I expected to see a monkey performing acrobatic stunts on the sidewalk, with a group of children gathered around. But no, this organ grinder had his wife going from store to store on the avenue, gathering what she might for the music festival which no one had asked her husband to play.

No sooner had the music died in the distance than I heard it coming back up this side of the street. How times have changed! To think, that the old-time organ grinder, with only one tune to play and a monkey as the main attraction, has been succeeded by the modern organ grinder with a variety of modern tunes and a wife to gather in the pennies.



TARNISHED GOLD

The tense silence of the night was shattered periodically by the crack of the whips of war, and the blackness held private combat with the probing fingers of a hundred flares.

Below, in a trench midst slime and stench, a line of desperate men pressed themselves to the clammy, protecting wall and awaited the shrill blast of the officer's whistle that would send them "over the top". They were all afraid; they knew that some wouldn't come back--some wouldn't even reach the wire scarcely ten yards away. But they waited, tight-lipped.

Private Smith waited too; his nerves were pitched to the eerie blast soon to come, but his lips weren't tight, they were quivering and loose. He ran a trembling hand over his grimy face. It seemed like only that morning that it had been smeared with jam. Mom had caught him and had made him mow the lawn and clean the cellar--yeah--and the attic too.

And that's where he wanted to be now, mowing the lawn or sifting ashes--home with Mom and the kids from the hill. He didn't want to "go over". He had seen those that had

been brought back from the front, heard their screams, pitied the withering souls held in pain-wracked captivity, blanched at the hideous wounds and mutilated bodies. He couldn't stand it. Sobs shook his body, and with a cry of anguish, he frantically scrambled over the other side of the trench and ran. But the mocking fingers of the flares pointed him out and the whips of war flicked his back and he fell.

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A tear fell on the merciful official message, "Killed in action", and Mrs. Smith ran caressing fingers over a bright Gold Star.

SOFT-SHELLS



Soft-shell crabs are not widely known, but not because they lack in being a delicacy. They are a rare treat when caught and cooked in the right manner. Among the Creole people these crabs are given the same consideration that we give a candy bar or an ice cream soda.

Each year there comes into the life of every salt-water crab a time he loses his hard shell and gets a new one. When his body is going through this process the crab is one of the meekest creatures along the beach. He stays in the shallow water, becoming a voluntary hermit because his protecting claws are gone with the rest of his armor.

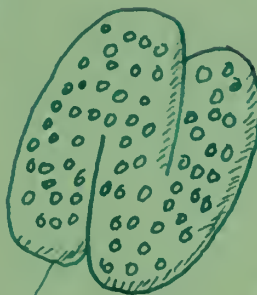
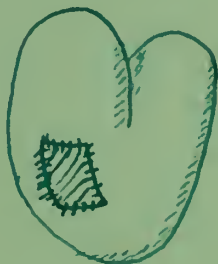
In the late afternoon, when the tide is going out, you may see groups of boys and girls dashing among the rocks on the beach in search of "soft-shells," as they call them among the Creole people of Alabama. The crabs will linger along the beach, exactly even with the receding water. It is when the sea gives a quick lurch backward that the crabs are left on the sand to be scooped up by dusky colored hands.

The only cleaning necessary before cooking is to wash the grit from the legs of the crabs. Then a deep frying pan is heated and a good-sized piece of home-made butter melted to a golden liquid. After being rolled in meal the crabs are placed in the pan. When they begin to take on a rich-brown hue it is time to remove them from the pan and prepare for a feast. Under the crispy brown crust you will find the most delicious white sea-food possible to take from the ocean.

X X X X X X X X X X

A professor in Eastern Nazarene College was discussing with his class the subject of hallucination and visualization. He told of a man that had a great many hallucinations in the form of donkeys appearing in his room. The professor said, "Of course all of us can visualize donkeys. I can close my eyes now and see a number of donkeys and I can open my eyes and see more donkeys."

THE HOUSE OF



CAN YOU IMAGINE?

Paul (Jiggerbug) Eby,
sweltering in an



Cedric (Caveman) Martin,
with all his wives in his



Carl (Stinky) Hanks,
anywhere else except in the



Dale (Tarzan) Duvall,
swinging his "Dearest
Sweetheart" up into their



Bob (Whiffle) Timm,
awaiting the meal in an



Sunday evening meal at
E.N.C. without



DOUBLE BUNKS



The upper and lower bunks with which the Cardboard Palace is furnished are really quite interesting contrivances. The students who have single cots do not realize what they are missing.

We often hear people raving about thrills and adventure. We double-bunk addicts get the same effect. The ship rolls and tosses, especially on the top berth; hideous nightmares gallop through the night, while we cling desperately to our pillows. Fierce animals and prowling men haunt us, unless, perhaps, our roommate goes to bed earlier than we, in which circumstance they haunt him instead.

When morning breaks, we are so rested and refreshed that we yawn, turn over, and sleep through breakfast.

Whatever other benefits we may derive from our college life, I'm sure that we shall have acquired a finer appreciation of a good bed, and at least a fair share of gymnastic ability.



I WRITE A THEME

It's like preparing to build; I have to choose my materials and select their design. And when my building is finished it will show clearly what I am and what I have been.

If I'm ignorant of things about me, I'll write my own personal experiences. If I'm an egotist, I'll remember only those stories that make me the hero; and my best theme will be the one about myself. If I am broadminded, and if I have studied the world around me, I can forget myself, my calling, and special profession, and still have a theme.

This writing reflects my character as nothing else can do. I had better be careful when I write a theme.

X X X X X X X X X X X X

A nurse was attending a mentally deficient patient who demanded much attention. The nurse became a bit tired one day and sat down to rest. Suddenly a bell rang and it was the bell of this patient. The nurse said, "What do you want now, you poor prune?" The patient retorted, "If I'm the prune, you're the prune's nut."



THE FOOD OF THE COLLEGE ROMEO

Girls constitute his diet; he seems to thrive on it, too.

His hors d'oeuvres are taken on his way to morning sessions. They are flashy smiles to upper-class girls and compliments for every bit of feminine tastiness that diverts his appetite.

Realizing he is hungry, he usually chooses a blond in first period class to commence the meal. Romeo takes "Blondie" like grapefruit juice, sour, but not sickening. From this he proceeds in natural order to the second period red-head---tomato bisque. Not only is she a part of the entree, but she is also the final whetting of his taste to the need of the greater part of the day's meal. She, the red-head, contributes zest to the appetizers.

The bell rings. Romeo has finished sipping his tomato bisque when the waiter brings on the next course. The next period is free; that is to say, the salad dish comes before him. In this he has an assortment, a variety that can be found only at the library table. The green leaves seem new and crisp, but a bit too cool. Like any modern eater he cannot appreciate roughage. More appealing to him are the decorative pieces of fruit and spicy seasonings which are placed here and there purposely in the salad bowl. Someday his love

of the too rich and the over-seasoned will bring him to disaster---perhaps indigestion, from a too-soft "line"; perhaps diabetes, from too much sweetness. It is even possible, though very doubtful, that his excesses will cause him to lose his appetite. The narcotic beverage of winsome smiles and the wine of fluttering eyelashes act as stimulants; they will probably bind him into habits.

Afternoon finally arrives; at last, the main course! Here is the girl that he is most interested in. (For this day, at any rate.) Like most hungry eaters, he can't wait until everyone is served; Romeo starts right in. The thought of waiting for the privilege hours never seems to enter his mind. After he has partaken of all he wishes, or after the girlish dish has lost its appeal, he reaches for another main dish. And so the repast goes on and on. His appetite knows no bounds.

The letters that Romeo writes to girls back home help to add tart to the dinner. These correspondences are like pickles or cranberries; while they may not be worth much in themselves, they add a great deal to the appeal of the dinner. But Romeo must have something for a dessert---an evening date. This must be rich indeed! This date is his cake *à la mode*. Most of it is eaten with relish, but near its finish he is forced to push the cake aside. He returns to his room and tastes the after-dinner mints of the coming day's plans. He has only one thing to do; too full for anything else, Romeo creeps into bed to sleep off his meal.

Prof. Harris: "How much time did you put on this French, Shaffer?"

Shaffer: "Oh, about a half hour, railroad time."

Prof. Harris: "What do you mean by railroad time?"

Shaffer: "Including all stops and delays."

X X X X X X X X X X

Parry, with bright red hair,

Once said to a young maiden fair,

"For you I would die,"

She said, "If you try,

Dye slowly, but surely that hair."

X X X X X X X X X X

Freshie: "Would you rather be a prince or a bootblack?"

Earl Lee: "Oh, I don't care whether I reign or shine."

X X X X X X X X X X

Prof. Marquart: "I would like to know why it is that whenever I
leave the room for a short time and then return,
I find no one working."

Robinson: "It is because you wear rubber heels."



E.N.C. BOY

He is a boy from one of the middle-class Nazarene homes. He has to work part of his way through college, and manages to do so with the help of plentiful odd jobs. We might call him David Walker for clarity.

David is medium-to-short in stature, has light brown hair and fine, clear-cut features. He is serious about his religion and very rattlebrained about practically everything else. He is immature in his manner of meeting people and adjusting himself to unfamiliar circumstances. His studies are important only in gaining his ends. He is not studying for the ministry.

David participates in sports----when he is not ineligible. During his infrequent spurts of studying his work improves, showing his more than average ability, and his lack of orientation. He wears fairly conservative clothes, occasionally breaking his pseudo-reserve with a scarlet bow tie or yellow socks. When he studies he wears glasses, and visits the library infrequently.

David Walker has a girl friend. She is his one other life interest that he takes seriously. She is a very talkative young lady for she can stand for hours discussing----the weather. She is more serious about her lessons and makes feeble attempts to inspire David.

David's large appetite compels him to patronize the Dugout faithfully. The dining hall is more than insufficient for his needs; thus he spends much of his hard-earned money making up for lacking calories.

He sleeps very little for a growing young man, making up for the lost hours over the week-end. Book reports and term papers he leaves until the last possible moment, but still manages to complete his assignment by the deadline hour.

David is a Christian. He goes to Young People's and church, and testifies in prayer meeting. Occasionally he attends missions with the L.E.S.; he has a beautiful tenor voice.

He has a passionate love for E.N.C., but he is a chronic complainer.

(Any resemblance in name or character to any living person is purely coincidental.)

X X X X X X X X X X

"My deceased uncle was a very Polite gentleman. He was making a trip across Lake Ontario when the boat sank. He got his head above the water for once, took off his hat, and said: 'Ladies and gentlemen, will you please excuse me?' And down he went."



A PLACE TO LIVE

I belong to a so-called select group in Munro Hall. In other words, I am one of the "fourth floorites". It may be a long, hard climb to our domain and some of the facilities that the other floors have may be lacking, but most of us girls think that there is no other place quite like fourth. Almost everyone else that scales the heights admires our rooms. The light is much better and the ceilings are lower, making the rooms appear cozier.

There is a "chummy" atmosphere that pervades fourth floor. Since there are only nine of us, we have all become quite well acquainted. We call back and forth to our neighbors directly across the hall and in the room adjacent to ours.

Now, we seem to have the reputation for being a little noisy, but since we are so far removed from the office, we do not feel the restraint of "second". What if our neighbors want to scrap playfully in our "front door-yard"? We can enjoy the fun too. They may have their radio on full blast, but that doesn't keep us from turning on our radio and listening to another station.

One night when a "wild" party was going on across the hall, my roommate sneaked over and locked the girls in. What a commotion!

The crowd began to have visions of spending the night there, but presently my roommate released them from their prison, and they decided to turn the tables on us. They hung my pink elephant outside the transom and locked us in for the rest of the night. Luckily one of our neighbors unlocked the door and freed us once more. "Lock the other fellow in" was a game on fourth floor for a while. Then one night the Dean had to pay us a visit, and the game lost some of its attraction.

We all think "fourth" is a grand place to live. It would be tragic, though, if everyone agreed with us, for we should never have room enough for everyone else to move up here too.

X X X X X X X X X X X

GETTING DRESSED QUICKLY

"What was that? First bell?! Hey, why didn't someone call me? Now I won't get to wash before breakfast."

With one spring he landed out from under the covers. One hand speared that towel even as the other pulled on his trousers. With a whoop he went flying toward the bathroom to disappear for a moment, then came dashing back, dripping. A flip of the towel as he ran and he was, theoretically, dry. No time for a tie. Where was the turtle-neck sweater?



FRESHMAN GAMMA NOVELTY QUARTET

John Parry, Nick Yost, Paul Kirkland, and Lyal Calhoun

Presented by the Gamma Society in dining hall entertainments.



THE BACHELORS' CLUB

President - Irving Jones *

Vice President - Paul Kirkland *

* Ed. Note. Since
fallen from their
first estate.





THE HOUSE OF SPORTS





Top - Carl Hanks - Gamma - Half-back, football. Guard, basketball.
Left - Bert Greer - Beta - Half-back, football. Guard, basketball.
Right - Nick Yost - Gamma - Center, football. Guard, basketball.
Bottom - John Parry - Gamma - End, football. Guard, basketball.



Top - Gladwyn Karker - Beta-Half-back, football. Pitcher, softball.

Left- Robert Blaugher - Alpha - Guard, basketball. Outfielder, softball.

Right- Robert Nielson - Gamma - Forward, basketball. Infielder, softball.

Bottom - Irving Jones - Beta - End, football. Outfielder, softball.



Left - Alfred Mason - Beta - End, football. Allstar team.

Right - John Smith - Beta - Center, football. Forward, basketball.



Freshman Basketball Team--Winners of Class Championship

Standing - John Smith, Carl Hanks, Kenneth Pearsall, Dale Duvall,
and Bert Greer.

Kneeling - Nick Yost, Lyal Calhoun, Robert Balugher.

Patronize your
SCHOOL

LAUNDRY

ALL WORK EXPERTLY DONE

AT REASONABLE RATES

Compliments of

SIGMA DELTA

GAMMA

PLANE



HURRY UP
You Weasel!



7:00 A.M.

5:00 P.M.

THE CARDBOARD PALACE



THRU THE KEYHOLE AT
3:00 A.M.

THE WEAKLY TASK



COLLEGE BARBER SHOP

*I'll be in the barber
shop this afternoon.*

Vesy Stemm.

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